## Democratic Watchman.

## Bellefonte, Pa., February 26, 1909.

## THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

flattery of my portrait."

self, and I by your side ?"

people of that day."

"Unless-'

old days.

Damozel's."

"But very gentle ones."

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree? 'Tis a marvel of great renown! It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea In the garden of Shut-Eye Town ! The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet (As those who have tasted it say) That good little children have only to eat Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have

To capture the fruit which I sing; The tree is so tall that no person could climb To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat, And a gingerbread dog prowls below-And this is the way you contrive to get at

Those sugar plums tempting you so You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,

And he barks with such terrible zest That the chocolate cat is at once all agog.

As her swelling proportions attest. And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around

From this leafy limb unto that, And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, ground

Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops and pepp mint canes, With stripings of scarlet or gold,

And you carry away of the treasure that rains As much as your aprop can hold! So come, little child, cuddle closer to me

In your dainty white nightcap and gown, And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

-Eugene Field to B. C.

## TWO IN A GARDEN.

Were there but two in the garden-or, really, was it four? For down a long alley, just turning the corner of the starry althea bash, was it the flatter of a white gown and a pale green ribbon ? And did one see, or dream one saw, another, a darker shape, bending and lifting a beech bough, and passing on ? Was it a trick of the eyes, or was it a vision of the past, made all of shade and shadow?

"It seems to me, Eugenia," said the old man, seating himself near the old woman. leaning an arm on the sun dial between leaning an arm on the sun dial between them, without consciously reading again the legend there, "that I have been in an-other planet, that I have been living the life of some one else, that, in returning from all those years in the Orient, I take up my real life only by your eide." "I am glad you feel so; if only for the moment," she replied. "I myself have there it might sometimes he pleasant to

thought it might sometimes he pleasant to forget all the long waste of years. Youth is so disturbed—age is so peaceful." "Is age so peaceful? I do not find it so.

I pass my time detesting it. Why, when my beart is young, and I feel the youth of me in every thought, should my pulses fail me and my body become a wreck-figure

"But it is not a wreck." said the old woman, looking up intently. "You do not appear greatly changed to me, although perhaps you did at first. Except in the way that the years bave written the script of high thoughts and actions."

ughts and actions of a life

"Ah yes, for others. We ourselves have nothing to hope for. Our happiness lies in the happiness of those dear to us. Mine, for instance, in that of the young girl you saw di-appearing down the altheas. She wears white and pale green ribbons in an innocent flattery of my portrait." And then you, you, are standing in the standary. An electric touch sets the crystals into new shape. I recover my base. The rose may droop a trifle. But, ye gods, how sweet it is still ! It is you ! And once more, as in the old days, I am yours. The fire may have been covered the tribulation of the portural."

"And caprice."

"Ah, you, too long since, ceased to be a fact in my life, for such notions." "Yon cannot think, even at this late day,

of making our lives one, Eugenia ?" "And all the world laughing at two old Strango as it may seem in these days of

"I ceased to be a fact in your life. What have I been thinking of all these years. Eugenia, to let the lonesome while go by when I might have been daily within sound fools? Oh no !" "Let them laugh that win. I mean to win. If not the old love, yet the old com- the strangest specimens of the human race of a voice sweet as the music that 'flattered

panionship." "A cloud is coming over the sun. I shall to tears that aged man and poor'! We read 'St. Agnes Eve' together in this garhave to go in, I fear," she said, gathering her muslins more closely. "I hoped, when I heard that you were sailing, Charles, "I could almost declare," she said, after the little miracle of threading her needle, "that such tales have nothing to do with simply that you would make it right for Francis to marry Angela. I did not dream us. We are so entirely other than the of past or future for you or me. I thought if the boy had a house, and a certain sufficient income, he would have the heart to work faithfully for further advance." "My God, how many recollections ! The place is foll of ghosts !" he exclaimed.

"To tell you the trath, I thought of that, "Are they not vindictive?" He paused on the seas. But he is more or less like me. Would he be long content with the a moment, looking before him, his chin on his stick. "When I first went away, Eu-

day of small things ?" "But he would be in anchorage. There genia," he said, presently, "I meant to would be no separation.

come home soon, as you know. Then one and another of the House had the first "Great heavens ! Eugenia, if when we thought of a future-' "You had no rich uncle to play the part

of the beneficent powers. Francis has. And the Angela, I think, is strong euongh

why he angry at palpable truth ? She,turn-

"Why, perfectly, Charles ! And enough, besides, to keep the wolf away," she add-

magic word calling up all the sunshine of

"You might miss your hot suns, your

ourries and chutneys, your dark faces-"" "But I should spend every morning, every and devils."

doing with morning and daylight? Do you -No, you have never forgotten that even-ing when we walked together here, a row an, for the moment, almost young again. "It will seem," he said, "what it might

have seemed forty years ago." "If you-or I-had had a friend in the

"By Jove ! You think it hilarious-this living one's life vicariously." "And then a thrush in the wood under the hill piped a broken melody -voice of the grief of some wandering soul. There

said, "Angela being gone."

ped us, death reaches a kind hand, restoring our birthright."

"I have not your equanimity. I do not want death. I want life, full and abounding, and more of it !"

"You should go, on your way back, and take those baths of high frequency, or po-tency, or whatever, that they give in Paris for the new lease of life,"

"I expect to have it, without yoing

"Then I really eaw her. And it was not some glamour of long ago, a work of dis-ordered eye-ight, taut nerves—you your-finite sincerity—" Charfletd's Hermit

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modernism and enlightened civilization, one will find not only a wonder, but one of that can be found anywhere, existing to day in Clearfield county. In the eastern end of the county, two miles south of Frenchville, one will find this oddest of all odd characters, known as the "Potato Man," whose real name is Antoine Georger, a typical German in every sense of the work. Georger, who was born in the Province of Alsace, now a German Province, came to America in 1875 in the

prime of his manhood. After working in the neighborhood a short time he purchased a piece of cleared land which would have been a compliment to be called a farm, covered as it was with rocks, stones

for over thirty years he has lived in soliunde, miles away from neighbors, with no companions save the brute companionship of a cat. Being a giant in strength, rocks

he built walls around his home and barn 10 feet high-formidable fortifications. began our school for farming.

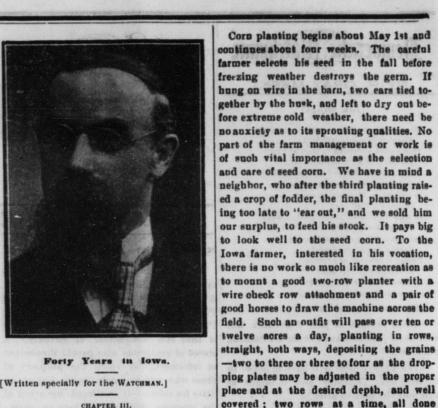
In his dealings he is honest, but demands every farthing due him-his sole object is was carefully cleaned up from behind the bording money, but unlike misers in gen-eral he has faith in hanks. His cattle conwagon, the loss amounted to nothing. The sists of a cow 27 years old, and another

one which he calls a calf is seven years old and has never been out of the stable in its life, which is a curiosity to behold. Its hoofs have grown to such a length that it could not walk if it had the chance. In clothing be is not a model of fashion, but a marvel of ingenuity which nobody can imitate, but once seen never forgotten. It cleanliness, we will leave that to the imagination of our readers. Thus we find this odd and eccentric man contented in

his lonely home apparently at peace with God and man, thought centered on one object-gold, he does not feel his loneliness aud solitude. A strange life to pass in these days indeed. XX.

Gerontmo Laid in Grave.

Geronimo, the old Indean war chief, who died at Fort Sill, was buried in the Apache harying ground northeast of the army post. Rev. L. L. Legters, the Indian missi conducted the services, which were as similar to the Apache system of burial as the clergyman thought proper. War Depart-ment officials had set aside a holiday for procession that carried the body of their



covered ; two rows at a time, all done and completed as fast as a team can walk the stalk, considerably more than was neo- and draw the planter. It requires about essary to feed over the few horses, cattle ten days, ordinarily to plant eighty acres. and bogs we soon had to care for, and these though the writer, after a siege of twenty-

six days, or parts thereof-there being con-"If you care to put it so." "If you care to put it so." The cloud had passed from the snn, and she held her filmy work to the light. A little indignation hurns away tears. But The Pennsylvania way was to husk from siderable rain to interfere-was glad to by the neighbors, to take a team and wag. rows-usually two of them, keep the on, astride the third row and clean up the ground mellow and the weeds down, until five rows at a time, back and forth the spront shows itself. When large acres of potatoes are planted, hoed and five rows at a time, back and forth the sprout shows user. When large raised by hand and wheeled to cellar on a through the field, throwing the ears in the enough to be not too easily covered with wagon. It was a bard thing for us to get the cultivator, for one or two rows, with over the idea of such destruction and waste the operator to ride or walk, after three or but soon learned that allowing the horses four times going over, is pronounced "laid to feed themselves in the field, relieved us by" to await "gathering," "husking" or from feeding in the barn, and as everything "picking."

An eighty acre yield for a reasonable season should be five thousand bushels, a appearance being one of waste, made it dif. very satisfactory return for any Iowa farmficult for us to conform to the established | er, though better has been obtained, and oustom, yet we proceeded to finish the job yet a large average falls far below, for as a of husking and cribbing, winding up with man plows and plants, so shall be husk eight inches of snow on the ground. On and orib. The best we ever had was leight the opposite side of the road from our place hundred and ninety bushels from eleven was a full quarter section (160 acres) all in acres. Shelled, is the only reckoning-sevcorn, owned by a cattle feeder who was the enty pounds on the cob, fifty-six off.

esessor of over eleven hundred acres of Harvesting the small grain is done with land all in cultivation and operated as one self-binders the same as many of the Penn farm. One bright moonlight evening, the sylvanians now use ; and from the stacks, latter part of October, we saw quite a the threshing is done with a steam or gasobunch of fat steers, perhaps fifty head, lene engine, self-feeding, self-weighing, wandering around through this field of self-strawstacking separators being used, corn. The writer ran a half mile or more, there being just two important items of lato inform the owner of the devastation, and bor ; getting the sheaves to the machine, looking up from his supper table with a and caring for the cleaned grain.

smile, said, "well, I reckou they won't eat Fifteen successive crops of corn have more than they want." The next morn. been produced, but that day has gone by ing his men came over, drove them out and and the successful farmer now corns his fixed the fence and we were "smiled" at land three or four years in succession, when frequently, for a number of years, for a a change is made by sowing oats, or timothe Apache prisoners of war at Fort Sill, needless scare, in a desire to do a neighbor- thy and clover. Very little wheat is proand the 200 warriors joined in the slow | 1y act. Since then we have learned that duoed in our part of the State, the yield lowa grows no soft oorn ; every grain ma- being far below the relative value of corn tures and bardens sufficiently to withstand and oats, or hay and pasture, and the qualmo's widow was kept from killing the old much exposure, and whatever may be left ity of the flour being below that made on the ground, whether shelled off or on from Missouri winter wheat, so that it can the cob, is all cleaned up by the hogs and be seen that the fat producing crop, somecattle that are turned into the fields to live thing for hogs and cattle, are in the ascendfathers, which knew no white man's God. The sun was his conception of deity. Four years ago, when Geronimo feared that the to leave a shock of corn unbusked in the to leave a shock of corn unbusked in the trade into the held to the acceld. anoy ; corn, oats, hay or pasture. We made good with potatoes, though the avto leave a shock of corn unbusked in the erage Iowa farmer is just as particular as to how much hard work he can get along mind a thirty acre piece of Iowa corn that without, as his Pennsylvania brother, and was caught by heavy snow and husked out especially when it is a back-breaking job of the almost endless "picking up" variety. The yield in our farming days was always good and the price down. Our best yield on the old home place was three hundred and eighty five bushels, from nine of seed, on a fraction less than an acre of ground. One-third of this is considered good. A twenty acre patch of a neighbor produced thirty-five hundred bushels some ten years ago, but it would have to go some to do it now, for ground wears out in Iowa just as it does in Penn-Timothy and clover mixed gives a good return. With a good cutting in July and a light one in October, four tons has been the best yield, but in all cases, it is the industrious, up-to-date farmer that carries away these red ribbons. With hay and grain safely in the stack, and the corn "laid by," the result of six months incessant labor and toil of the sixteen-hour-a-day stripe, the ten September days are at hand, when all hands, includof wheat, twenty of oats, allowed us yet ing the housewife and toddlers, are privileged to take advantage of, and really enjoy themselves ; the State Fair, a real vacation time, spent not only in recreation, the usual apportionment made on the home but for actual beneficial information and obtaining new ideas, the value of which is hard to measure ; and here we rest for a stubble was plowed under in the short time, to prepare a curb on what we fall, requiring no other preparation except shall try to say of our Fair, and perhaps a good harrowing in the spring, making it forestall the chap that likes to say, "Hot Air."

right. I became head. I thought of a year or two longer, and independence. Ideas concerning an independence chang-ed; suffered a sea change-" 'Into something rich and strange." "To hold her quarry." "And then I said it was too late. Things had grown vague. I was forgotten. I stayed on. One day my brother James wrote me somewhat urgently, and I sud-dealy woke to the weight of my nearly seventy years. And I called my men, and stopped for nothing." "And you will stop for nothing when

d and smiled. you think best to return as precipitately."

longs to me, I believe. I suppose that with a wing, a new chimney, some piazzas, that would do if it were theirs." "Unless," she said, bastily, "you decide to make your home with these two young

people when they have their home." "Would you counsel that, Eugenia?" He seemed to love pronouncing her name with a lingering accent, as if it were a ed, anxiously. "We will have a fine time together, put-

ting it into shape. You and I." "You will possibly have some Eastern

rugs ?" "And ivories, and potteries, and gods,

"Let us say nothing about it ! Let us evening, with you-if no more. Eugenia-why not ? Hark ! that bird ! What is he just do it ! And, ob, how delightful their surprise and joy will be !" And the flush and sparkle and smile made the old wom-

"Half guessed in the starlight, making one think of angels with their gold barps in their hands. And sweet as the Blessed

India trade."

"The lot of old age. Our happiness in theirs." They were silent a brief space. "You will be lonely, Eugenia," then he

"Not long. At the most, not long." "The death's head at the feast !"

to each other, and our lips-" The old woman's hand, with its shining "When the years have robbed and stripneedle, had fallen on her knee; her head was drooping. "No, no," she said. And then, quite under her breath, she added :

"Not without you."

old theological imagining, which spoke in

She sat with her needle on her lip, think

ing. "How happy," she said, looking up, the

softly gleaming eyes misting with an un-

shed tear-"how happy Angela and Francis

of the song Angela was singing, in a voice

"Like a rose the morning breaks,

Day is dear, and night is deep,

Love be with her when she wakes,

Love be with me while I sleep!

He reached with the booked handle of

his stick for a long, loose spray of the yel-low Persian rose, and brought it down to

scarf across her shoulders with one great blossom and half a hundred buds.

"Like a rose the morning breaks," he

"We used to sing that song our-

The summer wind brought them a strain

will be !"

over water :

epeated.

lves, Eugenia."

and stomps. There in a small log house

and stones were removed and fertile fields were the result. With the rocks and stones

There one will find this man, hermit, recan understand, but well able to take care

of himself in a financial transaction. Every "Let me see," he said, eagerly. "There and all work on his farm is done by hand, is the old house on the bill. It still bewheelbarrow. Hay by the ton is placed in the barn in the same manner. The only other crop besides hay and potatoes which he raises, is tobacco for his own use. He asks no trust, but in return trusts nobody.

spent in wringing wealth from the heathen !" not without some bitterness. "And then to go back and finish on the same lines, in the hot climate, and with the hot dishes and the dark faces. For everything is changed here. Not even you, Eugenia, are the same.

"Oh, I know it," sighed the old woman. passes, carries something that was precious away with it. A woman is amused at her first gray bair; it is a jest time has played. It gives her then a strange sensation of being human, after all; and before that she had feit fall of an unquenchable youth. But when one day she finds her head silvered, then she is dismayed. The white dust of the road to death has settled on her. She

"Nothing that is not, in its way, lovely still-if you are that woman, Eugenia. She sees her head powdered, it may be, as if she were a beauty of the seventeenth censury, with her delicate brows, and her eyes as soft and dark as stars in a misty midnight, with a faint rose on her cheeks-"

"Ob, such a faded rose !" she sighed. "No. You are not the same. But something every whit as sweet."

Like the rose that is yellowed and pressed in a book."

"Come, come, we must not speak in this fashion, like two shades meeting outside the tombs. At least, I am one," he said, hurriedly. "You, Eugenia, if you were a hundred, would still be young in my eyes ! The face of sixteen summers swims over the face of sixty.'

"The sixty have not all been summers." "Where you were ?"

"Do you remember one morning," she id, suddenly, "when the honeysuckles said. were in bloom, and the bees and the humming birds made the air busy, and the southwest wind blew from the fields where they were tossing the hay in the sun; a day like this; and you and I sat here by the sun dial, and two Italian boys, going along, wandered in and played strange tunes on their violins -- " Majesty." if I stay here ! You feel her wrongs so that you avenge them now.

'Tunes that might have been played to the Cæsars ! Do I remember !" "I wonder what brought them to mind ?

The fragrance of the new mown bay, may-be. I suppose those boys with the red crushed on their golden skins, and their languishing large eyes, are two hobgoblins by this—if they are not dust and ashes."

'Even an old man can be picturesque. If he is Italian." 'You would see beauty, Charles, in the

bark of a tree.' "I am not purblind-yet. One morn-

ing-this was at the beginning of life, you know-you came dancing down that path, wearing a white gown and pale green ribbons. I saw beauty then."

bons. I saw beauty then." She laughed. "It is pleasant to have been thought beautiful, whatever happens," she said. "They painted my pioture in that gown. It hange in there. I go and look at it, now and then, and feel as though I had been dead a long while, and were revisiting the glimpses of the moon. When I beard that you were coming home I often went. Some-how, Charles, I disliked to have you see -" Charles.'

"You-you felt hostile to that young girl.

"I, so old, so old !"

"You, forever young !"

"Truly, my friend, you must use more measured phrases. The ground on which that of impersonal memories." "And not hopes ?"

"Forgot ! When I am-I am as as much in love-" "You never were-very much in love Charles," she said, lifting her head and again plying her needle. "You have diffi-

"For the first time."

"But not the last."

of white lillies on either side-"

was enchantment in it. For at the sound

changed the face of the earth-we turned

we woke; we knew that something had

"Let us forget," she sighed. "But you see that I remember. Things

"He forgot so long, so long," she whis-

are not so vague when near you."

hymns of our being bathed, bereafter, in rivers of light, anticipated the scientific culty in saving it. You were simply in love with love. And now you are think- possibility." ing you are in love with that young girl of "Did you not expect it? That is, if you long ago-possibly. Certainly not with thought at all about it. Every year, as it this old woman." And she laughed gently

and put on her glasses. 11 "Take those things off ?" he exclaimed.

"Will you give me my shawl ?" she sked. "Do you feel any chill in the air ? Elderly folk can get rheumatism from a slender but sweet as the sound of a flute fan. "Why do you so insist upon the fact of

age ?" he asked, impatiently.

"Perhaps because I cannot insist upon the fiction of youth. There is youthdown there, in the garden alley. You can smell the fragrance of the dark red calycanthus buds where they walk now, the breath of tropical fruits made spiritual. You made me a wreath of them once."

"I will make you another." "I would look fine in such a thing now!

"Or love !"

ne you know what is the happier-"

"You always looked divinely." "Indeed, my friend, a truce to compliment. It cannot cover the lapse of years

"When Francis sings it, I think I hear and silence.' your golden tenor again." "The rose," said the old man, still gaz-ing at her, "has been the companion and symbol of love in all generations. It is as "You mean that my delay has closed the gates of Paradise. Then I shall sit out-side." And he tossed off the petals of the flower he had picked to pieces, and dusted his hands. "One is sometimes so clamor-ous outside that they let him in," he said. mmortal as love. Buried in graves a thous-

and years, it will bloom again. And love that has been true love is equally imper-ishable. Now I see you as you were—with that heavenly smile. What will you do "In a great unhappiness, the youth, the life, the love in me was killed. I am a different person from the girl who looked divinely. Tell me I shall live a hundred vithout me, Eugenia ?"

years longer, even with all my disabilities, my lameness, my coming blindness, the slight difficulty in my bearing, and all the "What have I done before ?" she anwered, lightly. "If you go back overseas, I shall be looking for a letter-may I not rest, and I will listen—oh, how gladly ! But as for that young girl, she is dead laug syne. No more of her, an' it please your omorrow it will be coming. And then shall be looking for another. And life will be full of tomorrows--such glad tomorows !' "You will hear a great deal more of her

"But if I do not go back ?"

"Then there is the wicket gate between the gardens.'

Picking up his stick, he traced with the "Cold comfort, Eugenia."

"Oh no. In winter the snow will be swept away. In summer the path will be vint some characters on the gravel. "I think it escapes you," she said, "that strewn with fallen flowers." when you first went away I studied, for a little while, those characters you write. There for the silly things !" Aud, thrust-"You were leaning there one evening, 

ing out a slippered foot that was still dainty, she wiped the lines away. "Wrongs? But no, indeed. All is tranquil. I am content as things are. If sometimes a tinge there, dark, and all surrounded with its aureola."

of sadness darkens the moment, it is only a tinge, only a moment. If-affairs-had-had been different, I should not have had "Eugenia, it will take the rest of our my precious Angela-poor Dolly's child. She is more than beanty, or youth, or

lives to thread these memories !" "Like beads on a string. Summer morn-ings, winter evenings,—if the wanderlust does not seize you. Ab, there is Angela coming. Did you ever see anything sweeter ?" "She is love itself." "But you want to hinder ruin of love for

"Certainly I have !"

her, of hope and joy and fulfilment. That shows how you value these things. That puts your content to the blush. That tells You let me doabt your sincerity, "Why? My brothe: James writes me the fortunate parallels. Dear me, how soon | Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. that his boy Francis is making a fool of himself for your Angela, without a penny to her name. It occurs to me to come the morning goes !" looking at the dial, and her glance lingering on its legend, "Time turns not back." She began to to her name. It occurs to me to come home and see how much of a fool. I come. As it happens, before I cross over into the garden here, I see Angela. I forget time. I think I have seen you yourself. Some-thing of the old passion revives for an in-stant—the rose is in full and perfect flower. "I me turns not back." She began to fold her work. "I think luncheon may be waiting. Shall we go in ? I cannot give you peppers and gingers and hot Indian sances. There is only bread and butter and cream and strawberries." "I am growing used to cool things," he

old leader to the grave. ther than across the Dark River." 'Strange," he said, presently, "that the

It was only by great effort that Geroniwarrior's sorrel driving horse, his favorite, so that it might pass on with him to the happy hunting grounds.

injuries received in a fall from his horse would proved fatal, he joined the Reformed oburch. He was suspended from the churh two years later because of excessive drinking, gambling and other infractions of church rules. Asa Duklege, who has been acting chief

of the Apaches in all their dealings with the Government, will likely succeed Gero-nimo. Duklege is the last of the hereditary chiefs of the Chiricabua branch of the Apaches, to which Geronimo belonged.

A woman who has mislaid her hat has been known to look for it in her purse, catch its thorns in her lace and make a among other impossible places. If women scarf across her shoulders with one great realized that much of the medical treatment received from local practitioners was an effort only to locate disease, and a search for it in most unlikely and impossible places, they would place a higer value on the opinion of a specialist like Dr. Pierce. His wide experience in the treatment and cure of more than a balf a mil-lion women enables him to promptly locate the disease by its symptoms. For all diseases of the delicate womanly organs there is no medicine so sure to heal as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Sick women are invited to consult Dr.

Pierce by letter, free of charge. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Words of Wisdom.

An onnce of silence is worth a peck of

It doesn't take long to tell some peopl what we think of them.

When a man is afraid to form an opinion for himself he ought to get married. One way in which a woman can get even with a man is by marrying him.

The chronic borrower doesn't like to think we shall recognize our friends in heaven. Clothes may not make the man, but the

lack of them would be at at least embarrassing.

That title has been aptly given to Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, because to the physicial nature it is a "light unto the path and a lamp unto the feet." In this book the physicial life and its mysteries are dealt with in the plainest Exclude From life's Genesic wandering English. From life's Genesis, wandering humanity is followed through desert and wilderness, and before it is always the Prom-ised Land of perfect health and happiness.

-A boy rushed to a policeman and

said; "Say, mister, there's a man around there, what's been fightin' with my father for almost an hour." "Why didn't you call me before?" asked the policeman. "Well," said the kid, "paw was gettin" the best of it up to a few minutes ago.

field in Pennsylvania, yet we have in the following April, and with the excep-

Father purchased forty acres of corn on

tion of an occasional ear picked from the ground, looked as well as the fall cribbed corn. A common hand corn sheller was standing on the ground. Having never seen the like, and in answer to an inquiry as to what it was, we were told to turn

told the story, but we got the laugh for trying to scrape it up, and a troupe of young pigs soon did the cleaning up job as well as we could have done it.

It is a matter of history that our State is sylvania. noted for her production of corn, hogs and cattle, and, as we proceed with this article, and when we take our vacation to attend the State fair, 9 fine figures may be indulged in to verify such statements. Warren county, or that north portion, bordering on that of the capital city county, than which no finer appearing or better producing land lies anywhere, gives up her share of these three commodities abandantly when properly handled. Eighty acres of corn. forty one hundred acres for pasture, hay, potatoes, orchard, feed lots and other necessary space for garden, home and buildings, was

farm. Spring grain being the crop, the

ready for the complanter. The successful

farmer always had this sixty acres of work out of the way before freezing and when spring opened, leaving but twenty acres of corn stalk ground to plow. Stalk ground

is plowed after the stalks are out, which is done by a machine which consists of a number of steel blades, a foot apart, set on the surface of an iron frame cylinder, which is drawn by a team over the rows, chops the stalks to the stated length, which admits of their being entirely covered up and out of the way of the harrow and cultivator. The disc harrow has about supplanted the stalk outter, which demolishes everything it comes in contact with, leaving the ground in good condition for effeative plowing.

Wheat and oats are sown among the stalks as soon as the frost is out and cross disced, leaving the ground well torn up to the depth of six inches, after which a good cross harrowing with a common harrow completes the work.

S. W. RAKER. Des Moines, Ia., Feb 12th, 1909.

Take Your Bearings.

If you are suffering from "weak lungs" obstinate cough, bleeding at the lungs, with attendant emaciation and nightsweats, every day sees you either a step farther from health or a step nearer. Which is your case? There is no standing still. Are you moving backwards or forwards 9

Those who try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for "weak" or bleeding lungs will be able to take their bearings accurately. They will find themselves taking a step toward health with every dose of the medicine. Nothing gives the sick so much confidence to persist with this great remedy as the fact that they are certainly growing better every day.

"Well, there's no reason why they should ot," rejoined the matter-of-faot person. 'Taking life is a serious matter.'

"The Bible of the Body."

the crank and a half dozen ears, thrown in